

MADGE'S ADDRESSES

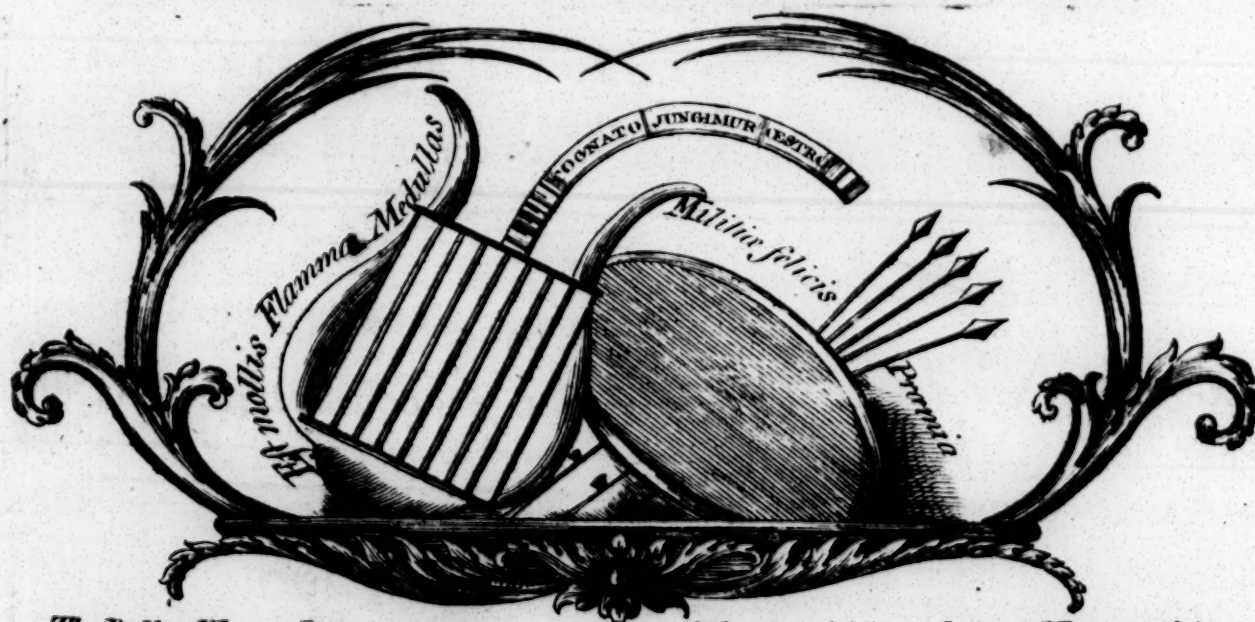
TO
CHRISTOPHER TWIST-WIT, Esquire,

BATH-LAUREAT,
AND

MILLER'S Plumian Profeffor.

Lay heavy on him, MADGE, for He
Lay'd many a heavy load on Thee.

SCULPTURÆ EXPLICATIO FRONTE 'EPISTOLÆ FAMILIARIS' SUBRIDENS.



*The Pallet like a Drum appears
The harmless Pencil's pointed Spears
Emblems of martial Flame*

*The Gridir's awkward Horns aspire
It's Ribs the Nerves that string the Lyre
Alike inured to Flame.*

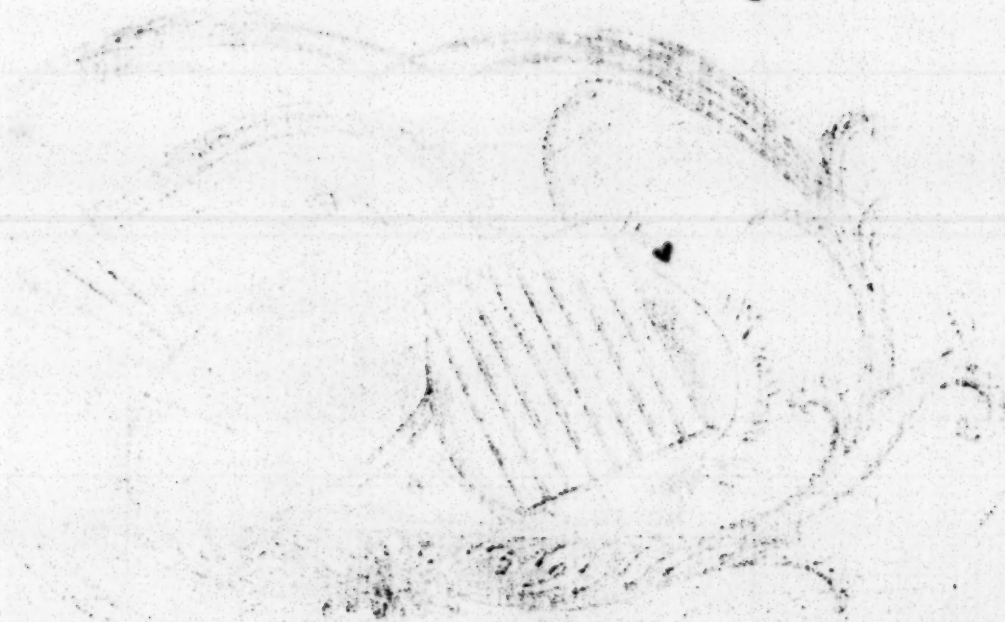
L O N D O N:

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M. A. T. G. 1878
ADDRESS

TO
THE
MEMBERS OF THE
AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION
AND
THE
FRIENDS OF THE
CAUSE

OF THE
FUTURE OF THE
NATION



THE
AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION
OF THE
FUTURE OF THE
NATION

LOWELL

THE
AMERICAN
ASSOCIATION
OF THE
FUTURE OF THE
NATION
HAS
THE
HONOR
TO
ANNOUNCE
THE
ADDRESS
OF
M. A. T. G. 1878

M A D G E' s Imitation

^{O F}
H O R A C E, Ode I, B. I,

Occasioned by JO. MILLER Esquire's

† *ANTIC ERECTION for Waste Paper,*

At BATHEASTON.

MY ANSTEY, bred with Sons of KING's,
For Thee the Muse inraptur'd! sings

Her sweetest grace, her best support,

Rich SATIRIST of HUMOR's Court;

Among the Bards not ONE in TWENTY,

(Their wild Notes, a penurious plenty)

But seeks (a Bard's experience trust)

To kick, and flounce, and raise a dust.

Mæcenatavis edite regibus,
Oh! et præsidium, et dulce decus meum,
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat;

† Reader, mistake not! this is meant to intimate an *elegant* Antique Vase, once
(*positively*) the *property* of Cicero, and now *in the possession* of Jo. Miller, Esquire,
at his *elegant* Villa, at Batheaston, &c. &c. Elec. Ball, P. 51 2d Edit.

B

His

His Chariot wheel with fervor rolls,
 Nor heeds the dull § *prosaic* souls,
Scar'd at these Cloud-invelop'd Men,
 Who wield the Horfewhip of the — Pen.
 From Small-talk, Scandal, Repartee,
 The Mob of high, and low degree
 Boast Genius *borrow'd* from the Sun,
 To form a Ballad, Ode, or Pun;
 As vain the Muse, whose labor grubs
 Fair Helion's indignant Shrubs,
 Who boldly wrefts from native earth
 The sacred flow'rs of ATTIC birth;
 Flow'rs, such as *wanton Fancy bore* *
 To wither on Britannia's Shore.

Metaque fervidis
 Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
 Terrarum dominos evehere ad Deos.—
 Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
 Certat tergemini tollere honoribus;
 Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
 Quicquidde Libycis verritur areis,
 Gaudentem patrios findere farculo
 Agros

§ Nec audit currus habenas. *Virg.*

* Teste Epistolâ Familiari.

But why, thou Merchant of the Nine,
 Adventrous fail *beyond the Line*?
 Thy fostering Nurse Bathona quit,
 To stem the *wintry* Surge of Wit?
 Smooth tho' she fail'd *her course of Air*,
 Long has thy Vessel wish'd repair;
 The timely *Dock* insures success;
 Free Genius *rarely* wooes a *Press*.—
 Impatient for Revenge thy strain
 Pour'd the *rude Storm* on Candor's reign;
 When *solid* Quill had *near* in clay
 Yclad the *harmless rev'rend* prey:

Attalidis conditionibus

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
 Myrtôum pavidus nauta fecet mare.
 Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
 Mercator metuens otium, et oppidi
 Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
 Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati.—
 Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
 Nec partem solido demere de die
 Spernit,

When

His Chariot wheel with fervor rolls,
 Nor heeds the dull § *prosaic* souls,
Scar'd at these Cloud-invelop'd Men,
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 Quicquidde Libycis verritur areis,
 Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
 Agros

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* Teste Epistolâ Familiari.

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 Adventrous sail *beyond the Line* ?
 Thy fostering Nurse Bathona quit,
 To stem the *wintry* Surge of Wit?
 Smooth tho' she sail'd *her course of Air*,
 Long has thy Vessel wish'd repair;
 The timely *Dock* insures success;
 Free Genius *rarely* woos a *Press*. —
 Impatient for Revenge thy strain
 Pour'd the *rude Storm* on Candor's reign;
 When *solid* Quill had *near* in clay
 Yclad the *harmless rev'rend* prey:

Attalidis conditionibus

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
 Myrtûm pavidus nauta secet mare.
 Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
 Mercator metuens otium, et oppidi
 Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
 Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati.—
 Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
 Nec partem solido demere de die
 Spernit,

When

Thanks to thy care! beneath the *shade*
 The Poet, and the *Work* are lay'd;
Each self-condemn'd with agueish lip
 Oblivion's wave at Bath to sip.—
 Yet Bards there are, who shake the Lyre,
 Charm'd by the noise themselves inspire;
 Pervade with *themes* the Daughter's Ear
Which curious Mothers love to hear.
 Thou Huntsman, restless to suspend
 Sweet Converse of the social friend,
 With *faithful Harriers* to pursue
 O'er Bladud's *Stream* the motley crew;

Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
 Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
 Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ
 Permissus sonitus, bellaque matribus
 Detestata. manet sub Jove frigido
 Venator teneræ conjugis immemor;
 Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,

Yet

Yet track'ft in vain with clam'rous roar
 The *wily* fox or *sullen* boar! —
 Enough, to grace thy *letter'd* brow,
 If *Miller* and his *Queen* allow
 One *Myrtle-shoot*; THYSELF confefs'd
 In Merit far above the rest!
 If, while thou trip'ft the flow'ry plain,
 'Mid *chaste* Bathonia's virgin-train,
 And *Satyrs* lewd in winter's *prime*,
 They coax *their* ANSTEY for a rhyme!
 If She (thou never could'ft refuse
 To *Miller's taste* thy gentle Muse!)
 Draw from her rich *poetic* shelf
 The Prize, *thou little lov'st*, thyself! —

Seu rupit teretes Marfus Aper plagas.—
 Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
 Dīs miscent superis ; me gelidum nemus,
 Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori,
 Secernunt populo : si neque tibus
 Euterpe cohibet,

Yet — *should* perchance, ingenuous Bard,
 From *hymning choirs* the full reward
 Attract a *future* lay, (thy Soul
 ‡ Can well the *pious accents* roll !)
Ecstatic with the scenes, you paint,
 † *Fond* HUNTINGDON shall dub you SAINT.

nec Poly-hymnia
 Lesböum refugit tendere barbiton.—
 Quod si Me Lyricis vatibus inferes,
 Sublimi feriam fidera vertice.

* See a promising *Specimen of devout Poesy moulded to the shape of an Hymn* in the old
 — New Bath Guide.

† Quando ullum inveniet parem?

Hor.

M A D G E' S
P O E T I C A L
T R A N S L A T I O N

OF THE
P R O S E *ADVERTISEMENT*

'A D L E C T O R E M'

P R E F I X E D T O

'*EPISTOLA FAMILIARIS*

Ad C. W. BAMFYLDE Arm.'

Egregiam verè laudem, et spolia ampla refertis,
Tuque, PUERQUE tuus, magnum et memorabile Nomen,
Si† DOLIO Divûm fit FÆMINA viſta duoru m *Virg.*

† *Tu poſcis ſubitò tabulas, interque BIBENDUM* *Epist. famil. P. 33.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

M. J. D. G.

PHILADELPHIA

T. R. A. M. S. L.

OF THE

AMERICAN

ASSOCIATION

OF

PHILADELPHIA

AND

CHICAGO

OF THE

AMERICAN

ASSOCIATION

OF

PHILADELPHIA

AND

CHICAGO

M A D G E' s POETICAL TRANSLATION

Of the prose ADVERTISEMENT.

'Ad LECTOREM.'

Perfixed to 'EPIST. FAMILIARIS' ad C. W. *Bamfylde*, Arm:

'R EADERS, take this BY WAY of Proem!
'Have ye not read MY last Bath-poem,

'A Work, design'd to please you ALL,

'And christen'd 'AN ELECTION-BALL'?

'But, gently to *revive* the strains,

'Lo! *specimens* of BAMFYLDE's brains

'So nicely drawn! you cannot miss

'His Friend's 'Personæ Dramatis.'

'*Their* merits widely to proclaim

'*This* Letter is the TRUMP of FAME;

'Convey'd '*express*' to him in *Latin*,

(A Tongue poor MADGE is not so pat in!)

'Protected by my *publish'd* lays,

'Small *Bundle* worth a REAM of praise.

Cùm in Manus Tibi fortassè venerit poema quoddam Anglicanum,
cui Titulus, an Election-Ball, Tabulas quinque ab amico ex-
cogitatas, quæ personas istius poematis repræsentant, per sequentem
Epistolam tibi tradere volui: quam quidem Epistolam, unà cum
opusculorum meorum fasciculo, ad eum nuper misi;

' YET — This was *never* doom'd to *Day*
 ' Though Friends will sometimes over-sway
 ' For *well I ween'd*, 'twould irksome prove
 ' (Genius, and Sense howe'er ye love)
 ' Again to chant in *measur'd state*
 ' The *Cynosure* of MADGE's pate.
 ' As one good Turn deserves another,
 ' I fain would introduce a *Brother*,
 ' My Verse who *paints* with *magic* fancy :
 ' Think on him——but FORGET NOT ANSTEY.

non tamen in publicum protuliffem, nisi ut demptâ tibi necessitate,
 atque tædio prædictum poema relegendi, amici mei ingenium,
 atque artem admirandi hac tibi ratione præstarem copiam.

MADGE's

M A D G E ' s T R A N S L A T I O N
O F T H E
A U T H O R , s A P O S T R O P H E to *himself*

Towards the Close of his ' *Epistola familiaris* '.

“ W HENCE, P O E T , this frenzy? what Dæmon decreed
“ Thy flight from the Cam, like the Scot's from the Tweed?
“ No longer to croak amid Granta's hoarse frogs,
“ And tread the Bæotia of Trumpington bogs?
“ Instead of dull *Doctors*, brisk *Virgins* abuse,
“ And rouse with Bath-Waters a splenetic Muse?
“ 'Tis the Imp of Ambition, who makes thee so wild,
“ To resume in thy manhood the task of a child;
“ And shake off the Cobwebs, that hang round the Lyre,
“ Whose Musick with * B R O W N E has exhausted its fire.

“ Ah quid agis? quis te iussit, malesane, Deorum,
“ Linquere ranarum patriam, Bæotica Grantæ
“ Littora, et hos Charitum dulces temerare recessus?
“ Quis Deus? ah! quæ te Divis dementia major
“ Impulit, antiquo rursus te accingere ludo
“ Infolitumque Lyræ numeris aptare latinæ
“ Jampridem resides chordas, desuetaque plectra?

* J s. HAWKINS BROWNE *Poema de Animi Immortalitate*.

“ Never teize the Bath-Girls ! prithee leave them alone !

Their ‡ Birth-right is Folly ; the Business their own,

To sigh for each Vanity, Fashion, and Toy :

Their Fabrics of Air shall a *Poet* destroy ?

“ Shall He— who prefers to each Claſſical ſcene

“ The life-cheering ſeats, of which Venus is Queen,

“ Whoſe hours in the circle of happineſs move

“ With HER, his *beſt half*, whom each Mortal muſt love ;

“ Where the Dogſtar ne’er rages, nor Summers e’er roaſt,

“ And in Winter your houſe is as warm as a toaſt ?

What your Summers I know not ! —no Creature is there ;

“ But the Winds in the Winter have blown down my Chair.

“ Your *Moon’s* ſplendid Creſcent Art, Nature adorns ;

“ At a ſhift ſo obliging, to lend you *her Horns*. §

“ Scilicet, ut ſuaves Baiarum ad flumina nymphas

“ Tutiùs ignotâ tibi carpere voce liceret,

“ Improbe, ludibrioque ſacratas vertere ſedes,

“ Quas Amatho, Cyprique jugis, et valle Cytherâ

“ Poſthabitis, colit alma Venus ; quâ te quoque dulces

“ Fata ſinunt habitare domos, ubi nulla Leonis

“ Ira, æſtate, furit ; neque foeta hyemalibus auſtris

“ Circum flabra tonant*CRESCENTIS CORNUA LUNÆ :

‡ Their claim is equally derived from the *Father’s*, and from the *Mother’s* ſide.

§ *Nugæ Anſieæ* paſſim.

“ The plains smile around you ; each Cabbage your foe,
 “ HERE none to be *sour'd* for AMERICA grow,
 “ HERE ope but your Windows , or cross but the Street,
 “ And you snuff the rich incense of Araby sweet ;
 “ All the Odors of Spring most profusely are shed,
 “ And Ambrosia each Nymph from her heels, to her head!—
 “ Hail embosom'd *Bouquets*, ye gay spoils of the Earth !
 “ Thou PLUMAGE, that nod'st at the funeral of Mirth !
 “ Ye Sounds *never-dying*, too surely to win
 “ The Swain, who still listens, but *nought can put in*
 “ Such the voluble Gale ! —

—Thou old Builder of Fame

“ Without Stone, Brick or Mortar, AMPHION by name,
 “ WHAT now were your tunes ? ask our Earth-cumb'ring
 (throng,
 “ If They *run up* their Streets, and their Squares *for a Song* ?

“ Quâ nullis, INGRATE, licet tibi CAULIBUS hortus
 “ Germinet, aut OLERUM delectet COPIA nares,
 “ At tibi sæpe tuas gradientes ante fenestras
 “ Thurea dona Arabum, et divinos veris odores
 “ Spirant AMBROSIO redolentes PULVERE nymphæ ;
 “ Quotque gerunt frutices, et quot sunt vertice plumæ,
 “ Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant.—
 “ Abfit, ut æternos poscat tibi solus honores
 “ Amphion Dirceus, (Echionias licet arces
 “ Suasit inire choros, lepidasque salire columnas,
 “ Eloquio fidium, citharæque canore facetæ)

D

“ Mark

“ Mark! yon dome of Confusion, which *graces the Road*
 “ Thro’ which Newgate discharges *Iniquity’s* load;
 “ Though Musick, and Dancing the Structure uphold;
 “ It was rear’d at the first by the Musick of — Gold.—
 Ask of *Abraham* Shrivel, *Bank-Broker* of Coin,
Grinning horrible Smiles—all he can, to *purloin*
 If his Pelfhe *subscribes* but to gratify Fops,
 Or to *sweat* the *Leviathan* LOVELACE at Hops?
 He will cry, — ‘ My SECURITY’s GOOD!’ — ‡
 For— should Fashion *e’er* sicken in Vanity’s race,
 (*Thy* Genius, oh! WYAT, he feels not!) the Place
 He will model for Methodist, Muffulman, Jew;
 And himself — with *Annuities* line the best PEW.

“ Condita si mimis, tonsoribus, et citharædis
 “ Mænia contempletur IONICA,

‡ It would be needless to apologize for this Hemistich, inserted
 ‘ More Majorum’.

“ Will the gewgaw ADELPHI’s Designers, who found
 “ * Those Castles in Air, half conceal’d *under Ground*,
 “ Will they boast, that not SAMPSONS of *Parchment and Fate*
 “ Had pull’d down, ITS Pillars—unprop’d by the State,
 “ Ere JUSTICE announc’d it the *National weal*,
 “ That *meek* England should * pipe to a venal Scotch-Reel?
 “ ’Twas a Lott’ry of Prizes! no Blanks—You may laugh,
 “ But the Builders turn’d Lawyers, and got the best half :
 “ Little-boots it—support but their *credit*, and STOCKS,
 “ If cajol’d by a *Budget*, or wire-drawn by COXE.—
 “ Enough of such Builders!—now, Marg’ry, rehearse,
 “ (Hail! happy Transition!) the Builders of verse ;

qualia toto

“ Vix quateret Sampson molimine, quæ tamen uno
 “ Circuit amplexu, rapuitque tenacibus ulnis,
 “ In Partesque trahens, nunc huic, nunc distrahit illi
 “ Dimidiumque dedit semper SIBI Caufidicûm grex.
 “ En tibi quot facri pandunt Helicone poetæ.

————— * Quantum vertice ad auras
 Ætherias, tandùm radice in Tartara tendit. Virg. *Æn.* lib. 4.

[Illustration] * In this *particular* instance the poor Piper himself pay’d.

“ These Sons of pure Virtue Court-Int’reſt reſuſe
 “ In their Age, as in Youth, to trip after a Muſe;
 “ See their Manners ſo pliant, their Humours ſo ſweet!
 “ And each Paſſion ſo readily lay’d at their feet!
 “ Nor on Envy, or Malice, or Hatred they feaſt!
 “ They ne’er *frown* at a *Rival*, nor *ſnarl* at—a PRIEST.—
 “ Lo! at once through ſoft Tempe’s *irriguous* vale
 “ To their Deity’s Altar th’ Idolaters fail!
 “ Peers *pension’d*, *plac’d* Courtiers (how ſudden the Turn!)
 “ With *the rabble of Gentlemen* finger the Urn!
 “ One *pert* ſprig of MYRTLE *that* anguiſh can cloſe,
 “ With which Senators throb for the Kingdom’s repoſe:
 “ Come—jingle your Ballads; your *Bout-rime’s* fit,
 “ And ‡ *this Roſemary* ſhed on the Tombſtone of Wit!

“ Quos ingens virtutis HONOS, et HONESTA bonorum
 “ Laus et amor, rapit ad dulces ante omnia Muſas,
 “ Quarum non odiis, irâ, invidiâve, vel AURO
 “ Proſtituunt Decus: ah! quoties per florea Pindi
 “ Rura, per irriguas valles, et roſcida Tempe,
 “ Threiciâ cincti citharâ, vetulæque ſeneſque,
 “ Cum muſis gaudent ſaltare, et dulce canentes
 “ Carpere lilia CANA, SOPORIFERUMQUE papaver?

‡ Jeſuna quidem *clivoſæ* Gloria Villæ
His humiles Apibus Caſias, Roremque miniſtrat. Virg,

- ““ Your Marg’ry advises, nor deem it in scorn,
 ““ While the Roses you pluck, to beware of the Thorn;
 ““ The Laurel soon fades, with which SATIRE is crown’d:
 ““ Can the Heart, that mourn’d RUSSEL, with Others to
 [wound!
 ““ Or can He, whom the Genius of Poesy rules,
 ““ Suck the venom of Flatt’ers, — and praises of Fools!
 ““ In those innocent regions, the Virgins’ delight,
 ““ Shall the *Muse* turn a scare-crow their bosoms to fright?
 ““ *These Maids* cannot ogle, or smile without leave;
 ““ There’s a Mother, or Grandmother close at their sleeve
 ““ To o’erlook, all they do, and o’erhear all they say,
 ““ And reserve her sage Counsels for *Breakfast* next day,
 ““ Let the pump-room form parties; ’tis pretty well known,
 ““ They will ne’er *dream*, like *Dido, of walking alone;

“ Non fœdos labor est per montis inhospita vepres
 “ Cogere, ut innocuis petulanti carmine nymphis
 “ Vulnera dent; non, quæ satyrâ nocet acrior omni,
 “ Laude foveant, propriisque attentas plausibus aures
 “ Crudeli mulcent luxu, dulcique veneno —
 “ O Sacra virginibus sedes! quas ipse tuetur
 “ Mos, Geniusque loci! crimen quibus ire, nefasque
 “ Horrendum (nisi! matronâ comitante decenti)
 “ Nocte chorus; at MANE quibus fiducia tanta est,
 “ Ut quacunque pedes rapiant, libet incommitatum
 “ Carpere iter.

* *Nec Virgo* relinqui
 Sola sibi, — aut longam incommitata videtur
 Ire viam; at certâ TYRONES quærere terrâ.

Virg.

“ What if scanty the garment, or sweeping its trail,
 “ Or if ought (but a SATYR) invite to the vale,
 “ If enjoying the *fragrance*, or *converse* of *Air*,
 “ With some *swain*, who tucks up the nice braids of his hair,
 “ And mounts *boldly*!—the beaver peeps *smart* o’er his eyes;
 “ Sleek Boots cramp his legs, and pure doeskin his thighs:
 “ All Taste is but Fancy; the BUCKHORSE might choose,
 “ For HE once had his charms, and rode off with a *Muse*.—
 “ What is Life?—a few hours, and its pleasures shall cease,
 “ And this Valley of Tears feel the Sun-shine of Peace:
 Ah! why the free Current of Spirits controul
 Tis WISDOM attunes to *good-humor* the Soul:
 “ Who a Padlock would close on the bosom of YOUTH
 “ Gives the Key to Deceit, and makes pri’ner of—TRUTH.

“ longo plateas seu verrere peplo,
 “ Sylvicolasve inter Faunos, per rura vagari
 “ Fert animus, juvenum seu turbas inter equestres
 “ Automedontæ tunicatas more catervæ
 “ Dura reluctantis moderarier ora caballi.—
 “ Usque adeo cuius nullo compescere vinclo
 “ Convenit, ingenioque feras imponere soli,
 “ Quas Tu—

Yet

Yet—Poet, attend to *no* Woman *in* rage

'Tis your MADGE, soft as MILLER, your ear would en-

(To Miller she makes it an humble Petition, [gage;

That *Charades* may compleat the next *rhyming* Edition)

She avows all your worth, of your *foibles* would cure ye;

Your Accuser, ('tis usual!) your Judge and your Jury,

“ **Whereas** you stand charged in the face of my Court

“ Of *bribing* the Muses in Slander to sport,

“ Now the Statutes declare *that* vile instrument, Verse

“ Is a breach of the Peace; perish all, but the Erse!

“ But *fair* Equity pleads I have found out a flaw,

“ *a feu-d'Esprit* ■ *urg'd* in evasion of Law

“ sed tali meritis pro carmine, vates,

“ Accipe, damnatus muliebri iudice, pœnas,

“ QUANDOQUIDEM, ante Oculos Divûm, scelerate, Timorem

“ Nullus habens, sed Fraude, et Dæmonis incitus Irâ,

“ Occultê, contra Pacem, formaque Statuti

“ Provisam

LET THE CAUSE BE DISMISSED!—it is very well known,
“ You have *not lessen'd* Margery's head, but *your own* :
“ § So take back your *Worklets* ;they're *bundled* together. ”
How could you *thus* worry your brains for a FEATHER!

“ CAPITI QUASDAM DIVELLERE PLUMAS
“ FÆMINEO, atque omnes turpi infamare Libello
“ Ausus es—HÆC DICTAEST TIBI LEX.—

§ Ipse sed in *Plumis* —
Cum Chartis, calamisque, atque omni ubicunque Librorum
Fasciculo, ” VALEAS! Epist. famili. ad Finem,
si sit ad huc.

F I N I S

